

Breakthrough

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Summary: "Toothless had never trusted a human before." A moment from the movie showing Toothless' perspective.

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**\*\*Disclaimer: \*\***\_I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon Franchise, which belongs to Dreamworks Animation and Cressida Cowell.\_

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><p><span><strong>AN:<strong> \_This was done pretty quickly, so it might sound a bit rushed, but I had to get it out. Also, yes, it's a very short one again, I know. Ugh. Anyway, am I the only one who feels that this scene (and I'm not even talking about the Hiccup-"dancing"-through-Toothless'-drawing part, I'm talking about the Toothless-letting-Hiccup-touch-his-nose part) is really underrated? The animation was great there, plus the music! So yeah, hope ya like it.\_

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><p><strong><span>Breakthrough<span>\*\*

\_ "He had never trusted a human before." \_

\* \* \*

><p>No matter how many times he checked, he found the human had not left: This fact, oddly enough, did not anger him and even comforted him—he'd been alone for such a long time. At the moment, it sat on a rock a few paces away, content with keeping its distance but not leaving either.<p>

It puzzled him, why the human came, with food and without weaponry.

\_He\_ puzzled himself too, because on normal circumstances he would never allow a human into his territory, even if that territory was not the most preferable one.

These were not normal circumstances.

He hated to admit it, but he couldn't fly out of hereâ€”his balance was off somehow, but which was odd because \_that\_ had never happened beforeâ€”and any other way out was too small. Since yesterday, since the human had brought him a fish and had thrown the blade into the freshwater (completely defencelessâ€”why had it done that? in front of him?), since \_they\_ had come to an understanding\_, his day had consisted of lumbering around this small enclosure, this \_cage\_, chained to the groundâ€”and waiting, \_waiting\_, for this human to come over and provide for him instead, and it had. He, fastest and sleekest and the best of his fellows!

He, who, before now, attacked humans on a regular basis. Well, maybe he only attacked them for \_Her\_, but still. The humanâ€”the first human everâ€”had taken \_care\_ of \_him\_. Even more, the human had \_had\_ \_to\_. And now, heâ€”the first dragon everâ€”actually \_owed\_ a \_human\_.

How the mighty had fallen.

Because he had become dependent on the human. The human, small and scrawny as it was, had been the highlight of his day now. He had never felt anything like it, not even among the other dragonsâ€”he was the last of his kind, and he generally shied away from the others. Fast and sleek and best he might be, but he \_had been\_ and he \_was\_ alone. The underdragon.

He kept watch. After a while, he bounded over.

The human was drawing lines in the ground with wood. It stiffened a little as it noticed him, but kept going, letting him study it closely. He was surprised to see his own face forming slowly, line by line. \_Oh.\_

He found himself watching with wide eyes. The sketch, even in the ground, was interestingly accurate. \_Perhaps this one isn't as dumb as the others\_.

\_Nay, \_he thought. \_Any other remotely sane human would've killed you or hidden from you at first sight, mind\_.

\_This one is probably braver or wiser or more idioticâ€”or all three.\_

He watched still, entranced. It had been so long since he had let his guard down, had done something for absolutely no reason. Since he had had \_fun\_. (\_She\_ hadn't liked it, as far as he knew. Well, \_She\_ didn't know all \_She'd\_ missed.)

He purred. \_Might as well\_. He ran off again, leaping around the small clearingâ€”how he missed flyingâ€”before setting his eyes on a long tree trunk and pulling it right off from the ground. \_Just the right size. What do you know\_. He smiled toothilyâ€”as he had learned from the human, of all thingsâ€”as he gripped the slim trunk with his teeth and dragged it around the area the same way the human had with

his stick, stopping here and there. He resisted the urge to roar happily. It was nice, letting go: It reminded him so much of when he wasn't the only Night Fury on earth. \_Haven't done this in a long time\_.

He thought he might have swatted the human's head with the branches once or twice, but he decided it'd live.

\_Haven't done this in \_ever.

When he'd loped around in the grass and ground enough times that he was starting to feel dizzy, he stopped. He hadn't really had anything in mind to draw, so he'd just drawn a bunch of curvy, squiggly lines around the place. He nodded and hummed delightedly. The human had stood up, trying to make sense of the picture. \_Not my fault you're too small to see\_.

The human looked stunned, but not in a bad way; as it was, the human was caught right in the middle of his work and didn't have the slightest idea where to go. The human stepped blindly, trodding on a line. He growled deep in his throat.

\_Hey!\_

The human jumped, stepping back again: In response, he dropped the scowl. The human stared. Then, it placed a foot \_back\_ on the line.

Baring his teeth again, he arched his back, and quick as a flash the human removed it. He calmed down.

The human placed a foot down on the line once more, and he snarled back, putting one paw forward. \_Why, the thing was testing him!\_

The human stepped back again even faster this time; he backed down too.

Both sides seemed to get it, this time; the human offered a small, kind smile of reassurance, and was careful not to mess up any other lines he'd drawn as it made its way through the drawing, almost dancing as its feet moved between the rough lines, leap by step by leap. There was something oddly graceful within the gesture, the slim figure jumping and landing on its feet, all previous clumsiness it had shown him disappearing with every step.

He watched the human closely until it had backed up against him, at which point it stopped, a little startled, and looked up.

For the smallest fraction of a second they just stared at each other, both slightly uncertain and still a bit wary. Then, the human reached out a hand. Instantly he began to turn away, growling under his breath.

\_No. No, don't you dare.\_

\_I'm not ready to trust you yet. Not like that.\_

The human drew its hand back, breaking eye contact. It looked down for the shortest moment, as if thinking. Wondering.

Then, slowly, gently, reluctantly, the human looked away, holding the same hand out as it did so, reaching.

He tilted his head a little. The human's hand was shaking. Its neck was bared to him. Its eyes were shut tight. The stance itself was one of total surrender.

\_Really? You'd risk that much?\_

He stared hard at the human, whose head was still turned away from him.

He had never trusted a human before.

He could have taken this one's hand off if he'd wanted to, or burnt it to a crisp. He could have \_killed\_ the foolish thing. They both knew that, didn't they? He could have done it a long time ago. He could do it right now.

Instead, he pushed his nose into the hand and closed his eyes; and suddenly all those centuries of enmity shattered, and the barrier that had previously told him he was a dragon and that was a human and this wasn't natural \_broke\_.

End  
file.